

You See Me There by Tortellini

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Lucas Sinclair, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Steve Harrington genuinely cares for the ragtag group of kids he happens to become friends with. When Lucas Sinclair needs his help to see his crush without her scary step-brother noticing, of course Steve says yes without much thought. But he'll end up getting more than he bargained for by the end of the night.

Oneshot

You See Me There

Author's Note:

- For [ByakuganQueen](#).

Dustin kind of became the kid who hooked the others up with Steve when they needed him. He was the one Steve was probably closest to--Mike had been kind of standoff-ish, less so now that the little girl who was known as Eleven was back, but whatever; Will was still pretty protected by his mother and the rest of his friends; and Steve had just never really been as close with Lucas or Max as he was with Dustin. That was just the way things were.

But with all of that being said, Steve wanted it known that he didn't just like Dustin. He had soft spots in his heart for all of the kids. How he even ended up becoming close with them in the first place was like a freak accident. But for the record Steve was glad it happened.

All of that though, that was how he currently ended up in the situation he was in now.

"Okay," Lucas said in the back of Steve's car. His seatbelt wasn't on and he was leaning forward to look through the front window; but it was okay because Steve was driving slowly. "So you know what to do, right?"

Steve hummed in response, eyes on the road. "I think you guys could be a lot safer doing this, buddy. You could just wait to talk to her tomorrow in school."

"Yeah, and you could've said no." Lucas' eyes flashed. "But you didn't. So we're gonna go and get Max." Steve paused suddenly. This wasn't like a...sex thing. Right? No! They were too young. Lucas added: "Me and her and the others are just gonna hang out with Mike and El at Hopper's place. *Relax.*"

Yeah, Steve was such a mom.

"We're almost there. And when we get there, I'm gonna climb up and

get her."

"What?" Lucas said immediately, sitting up straight. "No! Steve, are you serious?"

"It'll be quicker, trust me. Just tell me what window's hers."

It would be best if a black kid was not caught in Max Mayfield's room. Steve would protect these kids. Both of them. He would be the one to do this.

Soon they'd arrived. The house was mostly dark. Steve left the car running so they could make a quick getaway if need be. Lucas had rolled down the window and was watching, chewing his lip between his teeth. He directed him where to climb.

"You're positive this is her window?"

"Yeah!" Lucas called up.

Why had he agreed to do this again? Steve grunted slightly as he hauled himself up to the roof. It was a pretty easy climb, and even in the dark like this, he wasn't too worried about falling.

There was a window right there. Steve brushed himself off and crawled to it to knock and get Max's attention. He expected to see a small freckle-faced girl looking back at him (Lucas had said she knew about the plan and would be prepared to go with them, bag and all).

But, um. That wasn't what he saw. His eyebrows slowly smoothed out from the crease of determination they'd been in.

Broad, bare shoulders were facing Steve, thank the heavens, but the person was really unmistakable. The room was lit up with a small lamp, and in the mirror, Billy Hargrove stared at himself in concentration as he did his hair, a cigarette hanging between his teeth. Smoke filled the room; they were actually so close that he thought he could smell it. Billy dipped skilled fingers in hair gel and formed his curls carefully.

He was beautiful.

Steve scrambled backwards off the roof, palms sweaty, heart pounding. Lucas stared at him in bewilderment.

"What's wrong??"

"...wrong room," he breathed.